

No. 120. Cumberland's British Theatre. Pr. 6d.

THE HIGHLAND REEL;

A MUSICAL FARCE, IN TWO ACTS,
BY JOHN O'KEEFFE, ESQ.,

Author of "Modern Antiques," "The Poor Soldier,"
"Love in a Camp," "The Farmer," "The
Prisoner at Large," &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,
With Remarks, Biographical and Critical.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
formed in the THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

Embellished with a Portrait of Miss FOOTE, in the char-
acter of *Meggy McGilpin*; engraved on Steel by Mr.
WOOLNOUGH, from a Drawing by Mr. WAGLAMAN.



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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MISS FOOTE,
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puzzled to learn who can be his daughter's gallant. The opportune entry of Shelty, who comes betimes to rouse the boys and girls to make merry at a wedding, solves his doubts; he accuses him of a design to seduce the innocence of Moggy, and the latter is ingenious enough to favour the idea. M'Gilpin, therefore, for her safer custody, confides his daughter to the care of Charley. Some odd mistakes occur in the progress of the piece—one of the most whimsical is, the superstitious fears of M'Gilpin for a certain crab-stick, the property of Shelty, that Charley makes the old man believe has the magic power of imposing silence, and was cut from a yew-tree in the church-yard, and made a present of to Shelty by his old grandmother, who was a witch!

The dialogue, songs, characters, and incidents, are quite in the style of O'Keefe—quibbling, comic, and sometimes extravagant. There is a *chirruping* tone about this lively writer, that no succeeding dramatist has caught. He seems in perfect good humour with himself, and all the world: and in the midst of his fun and frolic he throws in a sound moral, a dash of feeling, as delightful as they are unexpected.

Shelty is the chief character in the piece. He may say—

“Naught from my birth or ancestors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my shame,”

for his father, Mr. Crondy, is a smuggler and a poacher—and he is descended, like Caliban, though one remove further, from a witch—his grandmother, Goody Commins, having been banished from the island, like Sycorax, for her sorceries. Shelty is a jovial fellow, and the only one in the island renowned for his harmonious jollifications. He moreover keeps a whiskey-shop, which may in a great measure account for that *second sight* which has been attributed to his family—for *second sight* we shrewdly suspect is nothing more than the faculty of *seeing double*—and who that has swallowed frequent potations of *mountain dew* will deny the possession of this marvellous gift? But, however descended, Shelty is a whimsical fellow. We can readily believe that he reversed nature's rule, and was born *laughing*, instead of *crying*; and that the jocose singularity produced that universal relaxation of muscle throughout the whole family, down to the parson that christened him, and the clerk that cried, Amen!

Munden's Shelty was quite in his own way. His shining face, leering eye, and ludicrous gestures, gave a perfect exhibition of this son of a—necromancer, and grandson of a witch. It was a character in which he might be said to revel. When shall we again hear,

"*When I've money, I am merry,*" sung with equal spirit? Liston plays Sheltz with great humour; he gives it all the breadth and richness that belong to his style of acting; he assumes also an unusual degree of comic vivacity. Harley lacks the quaint drollery of Munden, and the oily fatness of Liston, but he is excellent in *his* way. Of all the Moggies in our recollection, Miss Foote is by far the most interesting. Her sprightly air, "*Though I am now a very little Lad,*" was arch and frolicsome. Indeed, her whole performance was every way worthy of an enamoured lass who could be generous and romantic enough to hazard an expedient so repugnant to female propriety, to make two lovers happy.

 D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RÉLATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

MEMOIR OF MISS FOOTE.

Miss Foote was born in the year 1798. Her father was for many years proprietor and manager of the Plymouth Theatre, on which stage we have to record her first dramatic essay, in the character of Juliet, in July, 1810. Her rapid improvement in the histrionic art procured her an engagement at Covent-Garden Theatre, and she made her first appearance on those boards, on the 26th May, 1813, in *Amanthis*, in the Child of Nature.

No character could have been more judiciously chosen for the advantageous display of a beautiful countenance and figure, than *Amanthis*. Miss Foote possessed these qualifications in an eminent degree, together with a manner peculiarly interesting. Her success was therefore complete. The public, however, were not aware of the full extent of her powers, until the appearance of Mr. Morton's farce of "A Roland for an Oliver," when her performance of *Maria Darlington* charmed by its spirit, and captivated by its elegance.

Since that period, Miss Foote has ranked with the most popular actresses of the present day. Her *Letitia Hardy* is arch and vivacious; her *Virginia* is natural and affecting.

Costume.

M'GILPIN.—Brown coat—scarlet waistcoat—black velvet breeches—morning gown—black cap.

SANDY.—Tartan plaid jacket, waistcoat, and kelt—blue bonnet, with black feathers—fleshings—Scotch stockings, and shoes.

SHELTY.—Red plaid jacket, waistcoat, and kelt—fleshings—plaid stockings—shoes, and cap.

CHARLEY—Light blue frock—scarlet waistcoat—drab breeches.

CAPTAIN DASH.—Scarlet regimental coat—white pantaloons, sash.

SERGEANT JACK.—Ditto, only trimmed with white lace, instead of gold.

LAIRD OF RAASEY.—Gray coat—black waistcoat—black breeches—drab great-coat.

CROUDY.—Blue Guernsy striped shirt—plaid kelt—fleshings—plaid stockings.

APIE.—Countryman's coat—drab breeches.

BENIN.—Old green livery coat—scarlet waistcoat—black shag breeches.

MOGGY.—*First dress*: Drab petticoat, with plaid trimming—*Second dress*: Tartan plain jacket, waistcoat, and kelt—blue bonnet with very large black feathers—fleshings—plaid cloth stockings—shoes—plaid scarf.

JENNY.—White muslin dress, neatly trimmed with plaid riband white body—plaid scarf.

Cast of the Characters, as Performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

		Covent Garden.	Covent Garden, 1821.	Drury Lane, 1827.
<i>M'Gilpin</i>	-	- Mr. Quiek.	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Sandy</i>	-	- Mr. Ineledon.	Mr. Pyne.	Mr. Yarnold.
<i>Shelty</i>	-	- Mr. Mundon.	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Charley</i>	-	- Mr. Townsend.	Mr. Taylor.	Mr. J. Russell.
<i>Captain Dash</i>	-	Mr. Claremont.	Mr. Horrebow.	Mr. Webster.
<i>Sergeant Jack</i>	-	Mr. Clarke.	Mr. J. Isaacs.	Mr. G. Smith.
<i>Laird of Raasey</i>	-	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Croudy</i>	-	Mr. Cubett.	Mr. Chapman.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Apie</i>	-	Mr. Recs.	Mr. Louis.	Mr. Vining.
<i>Benin</i>	-	Mr. Simmons.	Mr. Parsloc.	Miss L. Wilmot
<i>Moggy</i>	-	- Mrs. Martyr.	Miss M. Tree.	Miss Foote.
<i>Jenny</i>	-	- Miss Mitehell.	Miss Love.	Miss Nicol.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A small Court-yard before M'GILPIN'S House, inclosed with a low paling and a small gate, L. S. E.*

Stage rather dark. Time—Morning, twilight.

CHARLEY discovered—MOGGY appears at a Window, L. S. E.

DUET.

Cha. The lamb and the heifer are taking their rest,
Mog. The lark and the sparrow lie snug in their nest ;

Cha. Pussy dozes ;

Mog. And so does my doggy.

Cha. All are snoring but Charley

Mog. And Moggy !

We wake to love before it is day.

Cha. Come, my dearest !

Mog. I come, my dear !

Both. We must be tripping away.

Mog. No portion, dear Charley, if I marry thee,
My little old dad will give unto me !

Will love cool if you take me so barely ?

Cha. Mog in her smicket is welcome to Charley !

Mog. We wake to love before it is day, &c.

Cha. Come, my dearest, &c.

[Moggy retires from the window.—Exit Charley, L. U. E.

Enter M'GILPIN from the House, L. S. E.

M'Gil. I will believe in witchcrafts, in wizards, and warlocks. Though I did pack Goody Commins out of the island, yet I am certain her elves have been about my house this night.—No noise in Jenny's room, nor in my daughter Moggy's, nor in Charley's, nor in Benin's ; yet, noises I most assuredly heard. [Moggy from her window throws a box on his head—he falls down.] Eh !

Mog. Have you got it?

M' Gil. Yes. What, my daughter ! Oh, oh ! [Aside.]

Mog. [Softly.] I thought I heard my father.

M' Gil. [In an under-tone.] So did I.

Mog. Do you think he's got up ?

M' Gil. No ; but he's getting up. [Rises.]

Mog. Now you'll catch me ?

M' Gil. [Aside.] Yes, I'll catch you—you jade !

Mog. Now for it.

M' Gil. [Aside.] The devil ! she won't jump out of the window !

Mog. Now, my fine fellow,—here goes—

M' Gil. Oh, Lord ! My child will break her bones.

[Aside.] Stop ! can't you come out at the street-door ? it's open.

Mog. Psha ! why didn't you tell me so before ? Upon my word, I don't like such jokes.

[She retires from window and goes down.]

M' Gil. [Aside.] Nor I, upon my soul. [Shelty, without, r., sings.] If I could carry on her mistake, I may find out who her seducer is—I think it's scarce light enough for her to know me now.

Enter SHELTY, singing, r.

She. If Sandy and Jenny are to be married to-day, it's time to rouse the boys and girls.

M' Gil. I think I know that voice. Oh ! this is her fine fellow, I suppose.

[Aside.—The stage becomes gradually lighter.]

Enter MOGGY from the House, l. s. e.—CHARLEY steals in.

Mog. Come, now I'm for you, my dilding !

[Takes M' Gilpin under the arm.]

M' Gil. And I'm for you, my dolding ! [In his own voice, laying hold of her.—Moggy screams] And pray, my dear, where were you going so early ? Eh !

Mog. Going ! Sir,—I—I—was going—

M' Gil. I know you was going, sir ; but where, sir ?

Mog. (l. c.) To—to—church, sir.

M' Gil. Jump out of the window to go to church !

Enter CHARLEY from the House, l. s. e., half undressed, and pretending to be scarcely awake.

Cha. Aw ! aw !—What's the matter here ? Aw !

[Yawning.]

M' Gil. Where have you been, sirrah ?

Cha. Sir—I—I was—aw—aw—fast asleep !

M' Gil. You stupid.—Where's Jenny ?

Cha. Sir—she's—aw—aw—fast asleep !

M' Gil. (r. c.) You lazy lubber ! snoring in bed, and robbers and ravishers running away with my daughter ! [To *Shelty.*] Sirrah,—what do you want with my daughter ?

She. (r.) I !

[*Looking simple.*]

Cha. (l.) Eh ! Shelty ?—Moggy !—Oh, oh ! [*Looking at them.*] Well, hang me if I didn't long suspect this. [Aside, to *Moggy.*] Turn it upon him, and we are safe.

Mog. [Crosses to *Shelty.*] Go, my dear Shelty.

She. (r.) Eh !

Mog. Don't attempt to seduce my innocence any more ?

She. I—seduce !

Mog. Your wanting me to jump out of the window to you—

She. I—jump !

M' Gil. To make a girl perhaps break her bones !

Mog. Ay, my poor little bones ! you cruel lad !

She. Why, is the devil in you all ?

M' Gil. Don't name the devil, you profligate ! You're as wicked as the witch your grandmother, and the smuggling thief your father !

She. My granny was an innocent old woman, and so is my daddy.

M' Gil. Charley, I commit her to your care.

Mog. Oh, cruel father ! [Charley takes hold of her.]

M' Gil. Take her, Charley ! You marry, you jade ! you shan't be even present at a wedding—I'll have Sandy's and Jenny's celebrated to-day ; and, oh, not a peep at it—up to your malepardis—go !

Cha. Come, miss ; [Apart, to *Moggy.*] I'll take care you don't marry anybody—but myself.

[Charley takes *Moggy* into the house, l. s. e.

M' Gil. That's right, Charley ! [Follows them.]

She. [Solus—looking out.] As well as I can distinguish, yonder seems a boat put off from that ship that cou'dn't get in last night—I may pick up customers among the passengers ; they can't come to a neater house than mine. Every body says, ha, ha, ha ! that *Shelty*'s a queer fellow ; I believe I am—but I don't know how—I get on—I do—I will !

AIR—SHELTY.

When I've money I am merry,
 When I've none I'm very sad,
 When I'm sober I am civil,
 When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.
 With my fal, lal, tide tum,
 Likewise toodle, teedle tum,
 Not forgetting titherin I,
 And also folderoodle um.

When disputing with a puppy,
 I convince him with a rap ;
 And when romping with a girl,
 By accident I—tear a cap.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

Gadzooks, I'll never marry,
 I'm a lad that's bold and free,
 Yet I love a pretty girl,
 A pretty girl is fond of me.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
 Round and sound, and plump and fat ;
 She and I drink tea together,
 But no matter, sir, for that.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,
 As I do suppose she be,
 Like good pappy I must learn
 To dandle Jacky on my knee.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

[Exit, R.]

Enter M'GILPIN and CHARLEY, from house, L. S. E.

M'Gil. Oh, my daughter is a most degenerate girl !
 Well, you've locked her up ?

Cha. Yes, Sir.

[Shows a key.]

M'Gil. Keep her from Shelty.

Cha. I'll keep her from Shelty, don't fear, sir.

M'Gil. My good boy, how much I'm obliged to you—
 how shall I reward you ?

Cha. I shall want cash for our frolic—a choice opportunity to coax him out of a little.

[Aside.]

M' Gil. Only let me know what I should do for you.

Cha. Why, sir, last Christmas you promised me a Christmas-box ; now didn't you ?

M' Gil. I did so, my faithful Charley ; keep but a strict watch upon Moggy, and—maybe you have thoughts of some little blossom yourself: only let me know the girl that can make you happy, and you shall have her by my authority.

Cha. Ah, sir, there is a girl—

DUET—*M' Gilpin and Charley.*

M' Gil. R. c. Thy secrets to thy kind master tell.

Cha. L. c. I love a maid—

M' Gil. Is she full of play ?

Cha. No kid more gamesome—

M' Gil. Where does she dwell ?

Cha. Lang twango dillo

Twang, lango dillo day.

M' Gil. If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame.

Cha. As much, kind sir, I have heard you say ;

M' Gil. I love my charming—

Cha. Ay, what's her name ?

M' Gil. Lang twango dillo

Cha. Twango, lango dillo day.

M' Gil. My Christmas-box—

Cha. Oh, I understand !

M' Gil. Thy faithful services I'll repay ;

Cha. Here's five bright shillings.

[*Takes out money.*

Cha. Here's my hand.

M' Gil. Lang twango dillo

Twang, lango dillo day.

[*Exeunt M' Gilpin and Charley into house.*

SCENE II.

Enter SANDY, R.

Sandy. [Joyfully.] I have been to Edinbro', and have got all our gear in the sweetest taste for my marriage with my dear Jenny—Oh, yonder she comes, bright as the morn which gives the flowers their beauty ! welcome as the gale which wafts its sweetness !

AIR—SANDY.

Oh, had I Allan Ramsay's art
 To sing my passion tender !
 In ev'ry verse she'd read my heart,
 Such soothing strains I'd send her :
 Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
 To show is all a folly,
 How much I love the charming maid,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

She makes me know what all desire
 With such bewitching glances ;
 Her modest air then checks my fire,
 And stops my bold advances :
 Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
 Yet by her conquered wholly,
 For sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
 I seem an amorous ninny,—
 A letter to a friend I write,
 For Sandy I sign Jenny ;
 Last Sunday, when from church I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cried, when asked the text to name,
 'Twas Jane of Grisipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and lowly ;
 A straw for power and grand estate,
 Her person I love solely ;
 From every sordid, selfish view,
 So free my heart is wholly ;
 And she is kind as I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

Enter JENNY, L.

Jen. (L. c.) Welcome home, my Sandy !

San. (c.) [Embrace.] My love ! I must gather all the lads to make a handsome wedding procession to the kirk, Jenny.

Jen. And I to assemble the lasses. Oh, Sandy—here, as the packet's in, will you see if there's any letter for me, as I desired the lottery-man to send me notice if this chance should be drawn a prize. [Gives it to him:

San. Ha, ha, ha ! you never told me you had bought a lottery chance : but it must, it shall be a prize ; I'll keep it safe for you—this day proves I'm a favourite of fortune, and she shall smile upon my Jenny.

[*Exit Sandy, R.*

[*Song introduced by Jenny—Exit Jenny, L.*

SCENE III.—*An open Country—Shelty's House.*

Enter CAPTAIN DASH and SERGEANT JACK, R.

Both. Ha, ha, ha !

Ser. Yes ; the letter you'll send by little Tom the drummer, will prepare the old taxman. Ha, ha, ha ! he won't have a doubt that you're the real captain in the army, ha, ha, ha !

Cap. Ha, ha, ha ! and my sole commission only the promise of a pair of colours in the East-India service, on condition I can raise an hundred men, ha, ha, ha !

Ser. Ha, ha, ha ! Ay, by this sham of pretending their young laird is our colonel, from the affection of a Scotch highlander, I warrant they'll flock to our standard—we know our ground, and the character of old M'Gilpin—flatter his eloquence, and promise him an agency, and we have every man in the island.

Cap. Dam'me, I'd rather have one pretty woman I saw just now, than the honour of planting my standard on the walls of Belgrade. [*A loud laugh of Peasants, L.*

Ser. Some country gambols going forward.

Cap. The time to recruit—introduce yourself to them : coax, wheedle, drink, swear—Zounds ! make 'em—

Ser. As wicked as ourselves.

[*Exit Captain into house, R. U. E.*

Enter SHELTY, playing the pipes before some country lads, L.

She. (l. c.) Ay, lads, I think we'll honour Sandy's wedding ; but the lasses mus'n't set out for kirk before us.

Ser. (c.) Ha, my hearties ! My honest lad, shake hands ! [*To Shelty.*

She. Every man shake his own hand.

Ser. Why, you all seem very merry to-day.

She. Yes ; and we'll all be merry to-morrow, ha, ha, ha ! and we were merry yesterday, ha, ha, ha !

Ser. Ha, ha, ha ! why, you're a pleasant fellow !

She. Ha, ha, ha ! yes, I am—ha, ha, ha ! I was born

laughing, ha, ha, ha ! instead of crying,—my mother laughed out, ha, ha, ha !—My daddy liked to have dropped me out of his arms on the floor laughing at me, ha, ha, ha !—What's the child's name ? said the parson that christened me. Shelty, says my god-daddy ; ha, ha, ha ! then the parson laughed, ha, ha, ha !—Amen, says the clerk, ha, ha, ha ! Since that moment everybody has laughed at me, ha, ha, ha ! and I laugh at everybody, ha, ha, ha !

Ser. Ha, ha, ha ! I should like to enlist such a pleasant fellow.—Your good-humour would keep us in such spirits ; you'd be the drum of the corps.

She. Yes ; and your rattan would be the drum-stick of the corps, to beat the travally on my back—row-dy-dow ! Good morning to you !

Ser. I tell you, you'd make a devilish good soldier.

She. That's more than my daddy could.

Ser. Ha, ha, ha ! you're an odd fish.

She. Yes ; but I won't be a red herring.

Ser. No ; but you're a pickled one though ; but pray what are you ?

She. Me ! I'm a merchant, and a brogue-maker—I sells a horn of malt—moreover, I am a famous piper. My father, Mr. Croudy, is a famous necromancer ; he's the gift of second sight ; and Mrs. Commins, my granny, was banished for a witch. Now I must tune my chanter.

Ser. Any particular festival to-day ?

She. A wedding ; and there's the lads assembled to honour the wedding of Sandy and Jenny. Come, lads, quick ! march two and two till we join Miss Jenny.

Ser. He ! well said, my lad ! you deserve encouragement. I've a rough guinea here, and, egad, I'll make one at this wedding, to drink my king's health, and success to the young couple.

AIR.—SERGEANT *and* CHORUS.

For soldiers the feast prepare,

Who friends protect and foes annoy ;

What war has won let's now enjoy,

Good cheer bright mirth bestowing.

Old Sirloin first we'll nobly dare,

Our host looks round his table,

His breast with friendship glowing,

We jovial lads, whilst able,

Resolv'd to do all honour
 To the donor,
 With courage charge
 His boil'd and roast,
 In goblets large,
 Each loyal toast
 With sparkling bumpers flowing.

Let drums beat, and fifes sound shrill ;
 Ye clarions, lend your sweetest notes ;
 Now, trumpets, rend your silver throats,
 Proclaim in warlike measure,
 When the racy bowl we fill,
 The fair shall do their duty,
 And sip its balmy treasure,
 Touch'd by the lip of beauty :
 'Tis now a draught for Hector :
 'Tis nectar,
 The god's delight—here's wine and love,
 Like Mars who fight should kiss like Jove,
 By turns the soldier's pleasure.

[*Exeunt into the House.*

Enter CHARLEY, L.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha ! My master goes to seize his own goods that I stole out of his stores, and hid in the rocks for him to seek out, whilst I run off with his daughter.

Enter MOGGY, unperceived, L. S. E.

I must run and let her out. [Going.

Mog. (c.) Dear sir, won't you wait for company ?

Cha. (l. c.) Moggy ! how the plague did you get out ?

Mog. No matter ; here I am, and take me while you can.

Cha. Hey ! Ecod ! this is doing things !—Ha, ha, ha ! Charming ! I've cut out work for your father on the opposite side of the island ; so I'll run down to the pier and get the boat ready, and off we skim like curlews.

[*Exit, L.*

Mog. Make haste, Charley !—Oh, my bonny Charley !—Eh ! yon's a boat put in—here's some of the passengers [*Looking*]—by the description it must be the strange parson that's expected from Mull to marry Jenny and Sandy.

Enter LAIRD of RAASEY and SERVANT, L. U. E.

Laird. That dwelling [*Points to Shelly's*] looks like a public-house.

Ser. Yes, sir, it is.

Laird. Then engage a room, and leave my baggage. Here—my great coat was comfortable on the water, but on land 'tis cumbrous. [*Takes it off and gives it to Servant.*] And lay out my best periwig, that I may look decent.

Ser. Yes, sir. [*Exit with things into Shelly's.*

Laird. (L.) Here, pretty maiden!

Mog. Sir—what a civil gentleman! [*Aside.*

Laird. (R.) Do you know one Sandy Frazer?

Mog. Eh! Sandy?

Laird. Whom I am to marry to one Jenny.

Mog. He, he! Lord! if I could persuade him Charley and I are they! may be he'd marry us. [*Aside.*] Oh, sir; dear sir! reverend sir! you're heartily welcome, sir—[*Courtesying.*] My Charley, I dare say, sir—my Sandy is just gone yonder to the pier, to look out for you, sir.

Laird. Oh, then you are Jenny.

Mog. Yes, sir [*Courtesying.*] I am Jenny, sir—I hope he won't find me out. [*Aside.*—*The Laird views her with attention.*] Lord! I believe he suspects me. [*Aside and confused.*] Oh, sir! here comes my Sandy!—Now, sir, you'll—Oh, heavens! my father! [*Aside.*] Good bye, sir. [*Going.*]

Laird. But, lassie, stop—

Mog. Yes, sir; I'll stop when I'm out of your sight. [*Exit, running into Shelly's.*]

Laird. A whimsical sort of a young lady.

[*Exit after Moggy into house.*]

Enter CHARLEY, L.

Cha. The boat's ready, and—hey! where has she scampered! This giddy tit, just to kick up her heels at the starting-post!—Her father! Zounds! it's well she has missed him!

Enter M'GILPIN, in a rage, L.

M'Gil. (L. c.) Fine police, if the king's officers are to be assaulted in the execution of their duty.

Cha. (c.) Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*] Oh then, sir, you've beat old Croudy?

M' Gil. No, damn him ! but he beat me ! But I'll let the ruffian know nobody shall cheat the king in this island, but myself. He's a poacher, too, goes fowling, gowsing, and cocking ; but I'll growse and cock him ! I'll show him, that in Col I'm grand fowler, prowler, and controller.— His son Sheltie have a child of mine ! My dear Charley, take care of Moggy.

Cha. She's safe, I'll answer, sir.

M' Gil. Oddsfish ! but where is Jenny ?

Cha. This instant gone into Sheltie's.

M' Gil. Run you in, boy, and secure her, whilst I raise the posse after Croudy.

Cha. Lord ! sir, Jenny'd never stay with me ; you'd best in and secure her yourself, and I'll bring the constables for Croudy.

[Exit *M' Gilpin* into the House, and *Charley*, L.

SCENE IV.—*Interior of Sheltie's House.*—A broad-sword hanging on the scene, a table with hat and wig on it, chairs, a clock on one (R.) A small stool.

Enter *SHELTY*, with a jug, L.

Voices without, (R. and L.) calling. Sheltie ! Sheltie !

She. Yes, sir—I am here, sir—I am there, sir—coming, sir. [Drinks.] Lord ! what nice ale do I sells !—Yes, sir ;—my house is so full. Oh, what a mortal fine chance have I to make money ! besides, I'm your only lad in the island for harmonious jollifications ! But father's wrangling with *M' Gilpin* will kick down all ! Here he comes ; now if he hasn't been in some new combustifications !

Enter *CROUDY*, L.

Cro. (c.) Ha ! [Takes the mug from *Sheltie* and drinks.] Ho ! a scoundrel ! tell me I rob the king !—The custom-house officer takes his pay and smuggles—and he's a damn'd bad servant indeed that robs his master. Boy, *M' Gilpin* would have seized my boat, though he only last week clawed up my other. [Drinks.] Lost my poor swallow ! [Returns *Sheltie* the empty mug.]

She. I shou'dn't have thought as much.

[Turning the mug mouth downwards.]

Cro. This taxman—Oh, zounds, I'll—

She. (L. c.) Lord ! father ! how you do put me out of all sorts ! here's my house full—there's the sergeant,

Sandy, and all the lads playing cards; and here's Sandy's marriage—

Cro. Go, froth your ale, and score double, boy; I've threshed M'Gilpin.

She. You ha'n't.

Cro. I've banged him, sirrah!

Enter Apie, L.

Apie. Oh, mercy! Master Croudy, here's the constables! And here's Mr. M'Gilpin!

She. Lord! Lord! you'll be taken! Go you, and let nobody come up. [Puts *Apie* off, L.—Sees clothes.] Eh! this is the luckiest—here, step into this great-coat, hat, and wig, the parson's servant left here. No time for thinking—do take a fool's advice!

Cro. Eh!

She. If you're taken, to gaol you go. Do you want to make a riot in my house, and give him a pretence to take away my licence?—No, do things easy—here, quick, quick! [Helps him on with the clothes.] There—the devil a one of them can you know now—I'll run and get the boat ready. You're so nicely disguised, you may easily get to it—Huh! Oh dear! [Exit, L.]

Cro. Oh, you cowardly cur! you're no son of mine—My cudgel is but a—if I had only—Zounds! Is'n't that my broad-sword yonder? I made a present of it to this pigeon, but he never had spirit to use it! [Takes it from over the chimney.] If they take me, they must first take this—no disguise, now—It never shall be said a Highlander sneaked out like a poltroon, with his broad-sword in his hand—no, no! [Flings clothes off, and exit, R.]

Enter Moggy, frightened, L.

Mog. Oh, Lud! where shall I hide from father? If I could stand behind the door and slip out as he comes in—but what could bewitch Charley to send him after me! If I could but get down to the pier! What's this? [Looks at clothes, &c.] Ha! the parson's!—Ecod! I've a great mind to try now if I can't hide myself in it—ha, ha, ha! On they go. [Puts on a great-coat and wig.]—Ha, ha, ha!—and wig—ha, ha, ha!

[*M'Gilpin and Sheltie* without, L.]

M'Gil. She is here.

Mog. (R. C.) O Lord! there's father!

She. She is not.

M' Gil. Sirrah ! Charley told me she came in just now.
Mog. Did he indeed ?

Enter M'GILPIN and SHELTY, L.

She. (c.) She is not, I tell you. You've done like a wise man. [Apart to *Moggy*, who mistakes her for *Croudy*.]

M' Gil. (l. c.) I'll have the house searched.

She. [To *Moggy*.] Don't speak, and I'll get you out.

M' Gil. Where's Jenny ? You're of a stamp with the rascal your father.

She. [To *M' Gilpin*.] Father, keep your temper.

M' Gil. Deliver up Jenny, you scoundrel !

She. Keep your cudgel quiet. Oh, Jenny ! you think I'm a devil among the girls. This morning, I was running away with *Moggy*—now, it's Mr. *Shelty*, sir, you've been kissing Jenny.

M' Gil. What old fellow's that ? [Pointing to *Moggy*.]

She. Fellow ! this ? Oh, sir, this gentleman is the parson from Raasay.

M' Gil. Od ! I beg his pardon. How do you do, doctor ? Oh, true, you're come to marry Sandy and Jenny—ah ! that's all up, sir.

She. Don't speak to him, sir.

M' Gil. Damn your busy—Sirrah ! you are the cause of my child's present distresses, you miscreant ! I'll—Ecod ! I'll revenge all upon the rogue your father !—Doctor—Oh, here, Charley has brought the constables !

She. Father, you see you must fight your way.

Enter CHARLEY and two CONSTABLES, L.

Cha. Sir, I saw *Croudy* enter here.

M' Gil. We'll have him ! There, Charley, you show the doctor here to my house, whilst the constables and I search this for *Croudy*.

She. [Apart to *Charley*.] Do, Charley, take the doctor—it's my father—get him off.

Cha. What ! I help the escape of smugglers ! Sir, that's *Croudy* in disguise.

Mog. [Apart to *Charley*.] It's me, you blockhead !

Cha. *Moggy* again ? [Aside.] Ay, come along, doctor.

M' Gil. No, you old rogue ! no collusion with my clerk—I know you, *Croudy* ; I see the tip of his nose ; constables, lay hold of him.

[The Constables lay hold of *Moggy*, *Shelty* takes the stick from one, and beats the other, *Moggy* throws off her disguise, and kneels before her father, l. c.

She. Keep off—I'll defend my father with my life.

Mog. Oh, save my dearest father!

M' Gil. My daughter!

She. This my daddy!

M' Gil. My dear child! Before I locked—but now I'll double lock you. No, I'll take care of you myself, my dutiful, affectionate—But, you jade, who got you out?

Mog. Who but my dear Shelt?

She. I? me?

M' Gil. Ay; what are locks and brick walls against such an Algerine family as Shelt's? Even the old water-thief, his father, would rob a bishop of his butter-boats.

She. Is the devil in ye all? But where the devil can old Croudy be? Egad! as I found Miss Moggy under a great-coat, perhaps I may find my daddy under a petticoat!

FINALE.

Cha. Oh! Shelt, you devil, there's nothing can cure you,

[To *M' Gilpin.*] There is not a girl, sir, that's safe from his wiles!

Mog. Go, Shelt, you devil! I cannot endure you: 'Tis Shelt, papa, that my duty beguiles!

M' Gil. You warlock! seducer! get out of my sight, or, You rascal, my cane on your napper shall fall.

She. Miss Moggy turned parson, Old Wigsby a fighter! The devil, I think, has got into you all.

All. Sure, such a dance of confusion and bother

There never was danc'd since the world was a ball, For we all seem mistakin' the one for the other; The devil, I think, is got into us all!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*M' Gilpin's House.*

Enter BENIN with a bundle, l., meeting MOGGY, who enters, r.

Mog. Well, Benin, have you—show, my good—

Ben. (l. c.) Yes, missy; and I tink dey vil sit you.

Mog. (c.) My best creature !

Ben. Ah, missy ; but massa lick a me as I vas vorse creature—missy, if you run away, I vill run too—massa kill a me, if know I help you.

Mog. Psha ! you fool, I'm not going to run away.

Ben. Missy, dere be Miss Jenny write letter in parlour below—want me fetch it, Missy—now don't tell Massa I brought you clothes.

[Exit, l.

Mog. Let's see what you have brought [Opens the bundle]. Jacket, kilt, bonnet, complete—I won't even tell Charley of my design till I'm equipped, ha, ha, ha ! I'll surprise him—there, I'll lay all snug [Puts them in the press at d. f.] Now, if Charley could borrow cash to carry us up to Edinbro', father could never find us out there—let's see—lud ! I hav'n't above half a guinea left of my own pocket-money—oh, poor Charley and I—

Enter BENIN, l.

Ben. Miss Moggy, Jenny desire me give you dis.

[Gives a letter.

Mog. Very well.—[Exit Benin, l.] What's this ? [Opens letter and takes out a bill.] An Edinbro' bank-note for forty pounds.—Let's see [Reads.]—“*My dear Moggy, Sandy, in a fit of despair, has enlisted himself among the soldiers—I have sold my lottery-chance for the inclosed forty pounds ! For certain, the captain will never part with such a soldier as my Sandy, therefore I shall take your hint and follow the drum—as I shall not want the money, accept it, my dear friend, for travelling charges—besides, a supply of cash you'll find necessary till you can obtain your father's pardon for the step you are about to take—in which be happier than your Jenny.*”—My generous friend !—No, I will not enjoy happiness whilst you feel sorrow !—with the assistance of my Highland dress here in my cupboard, if I can once more elope, the first use I make of my liberty is to procure it for you, Sandy !—Ay, though father catches me the next moment.

Enter M'GILPIN, l.

M'Gil. I'll first catch you this moment. [Takes her by the arm and takes a key out of his pocket.] Go in there.

Mog. No, sir.

M'Gil. Go in.

Enter CHARLEY, L.

Chu. What's the matter, sir ?

M' Gil. Here's a young lady won't be locked up.

Chu. Oh fie, miss ! refuse to be locked up ! that's so unreasonable of you.

M' Gil. (c.) So it is. Isn't it a proof what a high value I set upon you, hussy ? Don't I lock up my guineas ? You young brazen-face, go in there. [He puts her into a room, R.] If I should be obliged to go out, Charley, you'll have a watch here, and I'll certainly give you—

[As *M' Gilpin* turns his head to speak to *Charley*, *Moggy*, unseen by either, slips again out of the room, pulls *Charley* by the ear, and runs into the press in flat, where she had before put the clothes.]

Chu. (L. C.) Now, sir, what's that for ?

[Puts his hand to his ear.]

M' Gil. Charley, don't say a word against it—I shall do as I like with my family.

Cha. Yes, sir ; but when you count ears, pray don't consider me one of your family.

M' Gil. Ay, true, my lad—however, [Turns to the room door, R., where he thinks *Moggy* is.] Stay you there, the plague of my family ! [Locks the door.] I think I have you fast now, my dearee !

Cha. My poor girl !

[Aside.]

M' Gil. Charley, boy—though I have the key, yet I scarce think I'm sure of her even now ; she's full of hocus-pocus ! So, d'ye hear, now and then throw an eye to the door. That rogue, Sheltie, must have been assisted by his grandmother, the old witch I banished, to have got her out before.

Cha. Eh, I'll encourage this thought !

[Aside.]

M' Gil. Charley, I'm now going into my study to practise oratory—don't let anybody interrupt me, boy ! —hem ! [Exit, with much self-sufficiency, L.]

Cha. I find he don't know yet that old Lord Donald is come—ha, ha, ha ! this ridiculous idea of Sheltie's grandmother being a witch—ha, ha, ha ! I'm strangely tickled with the thought.

Ben. [Without, L.] Very well, Sheltie—I'll tell my massa !

Cha. Ha, ha, ha ! And here comes Sheltie, in the nick to help my project ! Ha, ha, ha ! I'll try it, however.

M'Gil. [Without, l.] I'll break your bones.

Ben. [Without, l.] Me don't care—oh! [Crying.

Cha. Hey! what now?

M'Gil. [Without, l.] An impudent scoundrel! I'll—

Cha. Here he comes, and in a rare humour for my purpose. If I can but make him give her up to Shelty! Once she's out of these doors, I have my dear girl!

Enter M'GILPIN, l., in a violent rage, and BENIN crying.

M'Gil. (l. c.) You villain! you shou'dn't have interrupted me at study—no, not for the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Ben. (l.) [Crying.] Why, massere, I did tought—

M'Gil. Will you prate? Interrupted for Shelty!

[Looks in a paper.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!

Ben. [Apart to Charley.] You may laugh, massere never beats you—oh! eh, do, he did tumpa me.

Cha. [Aside, l. c.] This may give lift to my scheme. [Apart to Benin.] No, Benin, master never beats me, because when I find he's in a passion I never answer him.

Ben. He! if it saves me a beating, I will not make him no answer.

Cha. (l. c.) Don't you know he's an orator, and likes to have all the talk to himself.

Ben. Ha, ha, ha! then he shall—thank ye, Charley—ha, ha, ha! when I find he raise his voice, I will no answer him—ha, ha, ha! [Exit, l.]

M'Gil. I wonder he dares thrust his saucy face into my house.

Cha. Now for it—if I can but work upon his fancy.

[Aside.] Ay, sir, Shelty would make you believe he has the power to bring you to terms.

M'Gil. Power and terms! What do you mean?

Cha. And yet, I assure you, sir, I put little or no faith in these sort of old women's stories.—I see Shelty's intent—as he said—

M'Gil. Why, what did he say?

Cha. Says he, just now:—"Charley, I have your master under my thumb; I know that the clue to his fame and fortune is his tongue; therefore," says he, "with my scizzors of fate I'm determined to cut"—

M'Gil. What! to cut my tongue with his scizzors! Oh, the bloody-minded—

Cha. No, sir, to cut the thread of your discourse ; to deprive you of—

M'Gil. Of what, Charley ?

Cha. Your power of—

M'Gil. Of what, boy ?

Cha. Of voice.

M'Gil. What, make me not speak ! impossible ! I will talk, though there were three women in company.

Cha. I tell you, sir, it's his wicked determination, if you don't give him Miss Moggy, to take from your speech all sound ! Look, sir, he comes—and look, see the very talisman in his hand.

M'Gil. Eh !—what, that crab-stick ?

Cha. Stick ! I know it's cut from the yew-tree in the church-yard ; and he told me he had it from the witch, his grandmother. [Taking a stick.

M'Gil. Charley, don't talk wicked—now I—I don't think the fellow looks like a conjurer.

Enter SHELTY, with great consequence, L.

She. Where's M'Gilpin ?

Cha. You don't mean my master, Sheltie ?

She. The master now has a master.

M'Gil. What's that, sirrah ?

She. Only the kicker shall be kick'd— Laird Donald's come ; fine overhauling of accounts, master Steward ! Now the eagle's pounc'd, you'll have something else to do than brooding over your tender chick, my old cock.

M'Gil. Ay, though you'd take the chick from the roost ; ay, from under my wing, you most catif hawk ! yet you shall never prevent me from—Ay, spite of your arts, the old cock will crow.

She. Let's hear you.

Cha. [Apart to M'Gilpin.] You see, by his insolence, he's conscious of his power.

M'Gil. I do.

Cha. Forbear !

[To Sheltie.]

She. Forbear !

Cha. You know I know your business.

She. Business !—true ; you know I'm a piper.

M'Gil. Keep off—if you dare use your infernal scissors—

She. I've no scissors ; but I have—look here—I know you'll be hatching up a story to Laird Donald ; but, if you dare open your lips to the prejudice of me,

or my daddy—see—let this keep you silent. [Shows his stick.] I'll—oh! by the—

Cha. [Apart to *M' Gilpin.*] He says that [Pointing to *Shelty's* stick] shall make you silent.

M' Gil. Keep off your baleful yew—

She. I'm as good as you.

M' Gil. Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse!

She. Moon's eclipse!—he's touch'd.

M' Gil. Am I? Has he?

Cha. Hark'e, *Shelty*, dare to come near my master with your damn'd twig there, and I'll kick you and it to the devil.

She. Kick me, you little pick-thank! I'll—

[Strikes *Charley* with his stick, as he endeavours to put him off, L.]

M' Gil. (c.) To him! out with him, my hero! [Charley wrests the stick from *Shelty*, and thrusts him off, L.] You are a clever boy, faith! [Charley throws *Shelty's* stick down, struts about, uses much action, and moves his lips as if talking.] Gad, Charley can't speak, he's so very angry—I never saw him in a passion before—Is he gone?—He is—the knave!—So, let's come to ourselves and consider—call Benin [Charley moves his lips as if calling.] Why don't you call him when I bid you; Zounds, sirrah! call him—Benin! [Calls very loud, looks at Charley, who moves his lips.] Damn the fellow, what is he at? is Benin coming, eh?—What, an't I worthy of an answer? Dam'me, I'll knock you down if you stand making mouths at me, you rascal!—Eh—why—he can't—can't you speak, eh?—Aye, indeed, I saw *Shelty* strike him with that fatal stick—but it's impossible!—it can't be—speak, I won't believe but you can—Eh!—come, none of your capers upon me—Come, speak, this moment—this instant say in plain, audible English, “How do you do, Mr. *M' Gilpin*,” or down you go as flat as a fluke. Eh, poor Charley! faith he really has lost his voice—I won't believe it—I'm strongly tempted to try it on myself; but then, when I get into Parliament—if I lose my voice, I should be fit only to be the speaker—I'll venture—You, Charley, sirrah! take up that stick and touch me with it—Very gently, boy [Charley hits him very forcibly.] Zounds! that's enough to knock a man speechless!

Char. Oh, if I never recover my voice, I am a miserable man!

M' Gil. Why, you have, you rogue—I heard you speak then very plain.

Char. Eh! now my master's lips move as if he was talking.

M' Gil. Ha, ha, ha! why I am talking, you fool!

Char. Yes, they still move, but no sound—Eh! perhaps I may now have recovered my voice by the stick touching my master—Oh, true, Shelty told me the dumbness was transferable.

M' Gil. Transferable! the dumbness—What's that you say, boy?

Char. Yes, by the motion of his lips, the poor gentleman thinks he's speaking.

M' Gil. Speaking! Zounds! I'm bawling!—I wont believe but I am heard—Sirrah! I'll—

Enter BENIN, L.

Now I'll see—*[Aside.]*—Here, you scoundrel! do you hear me? *[Very loud.]*

Ben. *[Aside.]* Thank you, Charley!

[Exit, without looking at M' Gilpin.]

M' Gil. (c.) Ay—it's plain—I can't make myself be heard—Oh! I've lost my voice! *[Very loud.]* But, zounds! it can't be!—This may be a confederacy—but hold—if so—my daughter can't be in the plot, as nobody could have spoke to her since I locked her up here within—True, and even the window is nailed down—I'll see if she can hear me.

[Unlocks the door, and goes into the room, R.]

Char. (L. c.) Oh the plague! now Moggy'll answer him, and overthrow all my magic.

Re-enter M' GILPIN from the room, R., in a great rage and astonishment.

M' Gil. She's gone!—I shall go mad! he has got her out; but how? no other way but the chimney or the key-hole—How the devil!—Bless us! Yes, if Shelty could carry her off when here—I found the door locked—I can no longer doubt his power to take my speech—Oh! I'm a most miserable old gentleman! I'm in grief, and nobody to pity me—I complain, and none can hear my lamentations! *[Weeps.]* Eh! But—hold!—As Charley recovered by my getting the dumbness, I can as easily transfer it to somebody else, and so recover my own voice, ha, ha, ha! Psha! except his taking

Moggy, if this is the worst, a fig for his power ! ha, ha, ha ! I've a great mind to return it again to Charley ! ha, ha, ha ! But his voice will be necessary to explain my accounts to Laird Donald.

Cha. Well, sir, what does Miss Moggy say to her lover's tricks.

M' Gil. Psha ! this fool tantalizing me with questions, when he knows I can't make him hear my answers ! Who shall I confer this favour on ?—Eh !—Ay !—Stupid Benin ; the blackamoor has little occasion for his guttural sounds.

Enter BENIN, L.

Ben. Sir, here's Laird Donald ! [Very submissively.

M' Gil. Oh, dear ! I must recover my tongue to talk him over ! Yes, I'll give my dumbness to Benin—Dam'me, I'll bang you into silence, my double-dyed, swarthy acquaintance. [Takes the stick from the ground.

Ben. [Aside.] Tank ye, Charley. [Exit, L.

M' Gil. He has hopp'd off like a blackbird—Wou'dn't even wait till I'd shake salt upon his tail. [Exeunt, L.

SCENE II.—*A Street in a Country Town.*

Enter SANDY and JENNY, R.

Jen. My dear Sandy, don't grieve ; why should ill-fortune disturb our tranquillity, unless it could lessen our affection !

San. M' Gilpin's design of giving you to Captain Dash distracts me !

Jen. But he sha'nt—my obligations to him are great ; yet, this tyrannous attempt to fetter my inclinations, and a suspicion that his motives were not quite disinterested, have somewhat abated my debt of gratitude.

San. And here won't let me continue in my farm without this fine of fifty pounds, so I must give it up—but he laid it on to ruin me.

Jen. Well, and even so, arn't there other farms ? or no farm—could you not be happy with poor Jenny ?

San. My dear Jenny !—

AIR.—SANDY.

At dawn I rose with jocund glee,
For joyful was the day,
That could this blessing give to me ;
Now joy is fled away—Jenny !

No flocks, nor herds, nor stores of gold,
 Nor house, nor home, have I ;
 If beauty must be bought and sold,
 Alas ! I cannot buy—Jenny !

Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
 So priz'd a smile from thee ;
 True love alone our hearts shall bind,
 Thou art all the world to me—Jenny !

Sweet, gentle maid, though patient, meek,
 My lily drops a tear !
 Ah ! raise thy drooping head, and seek
 Soft peace and comfort here—Jenny !

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*Shelty's House.*

Enter, from the House, CAPTAIN DASH and SERGEANT JACK.

Cap. Ha ! ha ! well, Jack, our success is e'en beyond my expectation.

Ser. I've done my best, because I undertook the thing ; but under a false hope trepanning the poor fellows from their homes and families !—excuse me, but I can't enjoy the prosperity that's built on the distresses of another.

Cap. (c.) Psha ! damn your nonsense ! What the devil is come to you ? This Sandy is—Oh, have you seen his Jenny ?

Ser. (L. c.) Yes ; I've seen her, and I wish she was his.

Cap. Wish she was his ? Very civil, when you know I love her to distraction—Hey—what's here ?

Enter MOGGY, R., dressed as a Highlander, with a thin cane in her hand.

Mog. (R. c.) I beg your honour's pardon ; but hasn't your honour 'listed one Sandy Frazer ?

Cap. Yes, my lad ; and I'll list you too.

Ser. Yes ; we'll list you, if you are willing.

Mog. It's for that I'm come, if you'll take me in my brother's place ?

Ser. Why, is Sandy your brother ?

Mog. Yes, Sir, he is ; and the eldest of eight little

brothers and sisters, not one of them but me able to earn a morsel of bread for themselves—Oh, merciful, good Captain! take me and discharge brother Sandy! Oh!

[Cries.]

Cap. Ha, ha, ha! you young dog! do you think I'll exchange an effective man for such a little whipper-snapper as you? Get along, you little monkey!

Mog. I am a little monkey—Oh! I shall never be able to maintain the family! Oh! [Cries.]

Cap. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Jack, [To Sergeant.] here's another opportunity for your sentiment, ha, ha, ha!

Ser. Yes; and for your humanity, if you have any.

[Walks up.]

Cap. Humanity! eh!—Go home, my boy [To Moggy.]

Mog. Sir, I've rais'd a little bit of money here, by selling some of our stock; if this could make up for my deficiency till I grow bigger—

Ser. [Advancing.] Hey, money!

Cap. Money! [Draws her to him.]

Mog. Yes, sir; if you will accept this forty pounds, and me in the place of my brother Sandy—Oh, worthy, noble gentleman! you'll see what a good fine soldier I'll make in time.

Cap. Eh—in-time—[Looks at her.]—forty pounds—

Ser. And this younker will grow taller.

Mog. Oh yes, sir, I intend to grow a deal taller.

SONG—MOGGY.

Though I'm now a very little lad,
If fighting-men cannot be had,
For want of better I may do
To follow the boys with the rat-tat-too—
I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
And, though not much of me, I'm right good stuff;
Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
I never was afraid to see my man.

I'm a chick-a-biddy—see

Take me now, now, now,

A merry little he

For your row, dow, dow.

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!
With my knapsack at back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,
My philabeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue;

Give the word, and I'll march where you command ;
 Noble sergeant, with a shilling strike my hand.
 My captain, when he takes his glass,
 May like to toy with a pretty lass ;
 For such a one I've a roguish eye,—
 He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chick-a-biddy, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mow'd my chin,
 With my great broad-sword I long to begin,
 Cut slash, ram, dam, oh, glorious fun !
 For a gun pip-pop change my little pop-gun.
 The foes should fly like geese in flocks,—
 Even Turks I'd drive like turkey-cocks;
 Wherever quarter'd I shall be,
 Oh zounds ! how I'll kiss my landlady.

I'm a chick-a-biddy, &c.

Cap. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, my little—tall boy. [Writes in his pocket-book and tears a leaf out, which he gives to *Moggy*.] Ha, ha, ha ! there's your brother Sandy's discharge—I take your forty pounds.—There's a shilling.

Mog. A shilling ! generous captain ! Thank ye, sir—this paper—what a present for my poor Jenny !

[*Aside with joy.*

Ser. Sir, we're lucky rogues ! This forty pounds comes to us most à-propos. [Apart to *Captain*.]

Cap. What do you mean, fellow ? We and us ! In profit I am solus. [To *Moggy*.] Now you are the king's man.

Mog. And Sandy is his own.

Enter *SHELTY*, and *SANDY*, as a Recruit, R.

Mog. (R.) [Giving *Sandy* the paper she received from the *Captain*.] There's your discharge, Sandy ; no more the king's, you're now only Jenny's man.

Enter *JENNY*, R.

Cap. Hey, the devil ! What's all this about ! Here, you little busy rascal ? [To *Moggy*.] True, my lad [To *Sandy*]—as he says, you're free ; but I'll order your pert young brother here up to the halberts.

[*Points to *Moggy*.*

San. (R. C.) My—I've no brother !

Cap. (C.) Why, dam'me, you little son of a gun !

Mog. No, sir ; but I happen to be daughter to an old great gun. [Sees *Charley* coming, and crosses to him.]

Enter CHARLEY, L.

Here's my match !—[Takes him by the hand.] And, hey ! I'm off like a sky-rocket. [Runs off with *Charley*, L.]

Jen. (R.) Sandy, didn't you know her ?

Cap. Oh, ho ! [To *Sandy*.] I see it now—you have been a confederate in this imposition.

San. Totally innocent !

Enter LAIRD of RAASEY, L.

Laird. (L. C.) [To *Captain*.] Pray, sir, by whose authority do you list men in this island ?

Cap. The king, and my colonel.

Laird. Who is your colonel ?

Cap. The owner of this island, my friend, young Bob M'Donald.

Laird. Well, this is rather odd ; my son a colonel ! The first time I ever heard he was even in the army.

Cap. Son !—Jack ! [To *Sergeant*.] Zounds ! if—Can this be the old laird ?

Laird. [Seeing *Sandy*.] Eh ! Is't possible ? Bob !

Cap. Why, sir, do you know this Sandy ?

Laird. What d'ye mean by Sandy ? This is my son Robert, ha, ha, ha ! your friend, young Bob M'Donald !

Cap. This young Donald !—Confusion ! Jack, we are undone ! Yes [Apart to *Sergeant*] ; they'll hang us.

Ser. [Aloud.] Us ! [Mimicks the *Captain's former manner*.] What do you mean, fellow ? In hanging you are solus.

Enter M'GILPIN, R.

M'Gil. (L. C.) Justice, my laird, on this cursed juggling, conjuring piper, who has struck me dumb as a fish, and without my consent run away with and married my daughter.

Enter CHARLEY, leading in MOGGY, in her Highland dress, L.

Cha. (L.) [To *M'Gilpin*.] Sir, give me leave to introduce Captain M'Gilpin ! [Presenting *Moggy*.]

M'Gil. Moggy ! Oh, you brazen face ! Hey, turned soldier !

Mog. I am, sir; under the command of General Charley—he gave the word—'twas love, honour, and obey.

Laird. [To *Jenny*.] Your affections have been proved, and you must both be happy.

She. So, I'm a conjurer! These are comical conjurations—the tenant is the landlord—the poor orphan is the lady of the land—the captain is no soldier—the soldier is a woman—the 'prentice is a master—the master is—nobody—the poor parson is a laird of much land [*Looking at them by turns*]—and poor Shelly, the Scotch piper, still your humble servant to command. [Bows to them.] And, whether I tap the barrel or tune my chanter—hey! neighbours, neighbours! come, let's all be merry.

FINALE.

San. Come, sprightly lowland lass,

She. And Highland

Lad, trip here in jovial glee;

San. Gentle winds from ev'ry island

Waft hearts merry, blithe, and free,

She. At Shelly's house,

In gay carouse

Your hours employ,

M' Gil. Oh, well said, boy!

Ser. To wish the young folks love and joy.

CHORUS.

Whisky,

Frisky,

Prancing,

Dancing!

Sorrow kick to Nick the de'il,
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the Highland Reel?

Mog. My dearest lad, I tell you fairly,

Married, I must have my way;

Cha. I'm sure, dear lass, you'll govern rarely,
Love and honour I'll obey.

San. Nor marriage-chain,
She. Nor bit, nor rein,
Mog. The deuce a bit.
M' Gil. A gamesome tit.

She. Gadzooks! poor hen-peck'd Charley!
M' Gil. A wise man I, my child's a wit.

CHORUS.

Whisky,
Frisky,
Prancing,
Dancing!

Sorrow kick to Nick the de'il,
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the Highland Reel?

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

JEN. SAN. SER. CAP. SHE. LAIRD. M'GIL. MOG. CHA.
R.] [L.

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